

RADIO SCRIPT

As Broadcast

"THE DANNY KAYE SHOW"

CBS

MARCH 1, 1946

10:30 - 11:00 PM EST

FRIDAY

DANNY KAYE
 GEORGIA GIBBS
 ORSON WELLES
 GOODMAN ACE
 EVERETT SLOANE
 BUTTERFLY MCQUEEN
 KEN DELMAR
 DAVE TERRY
 DICK JOY

GOODMAN ACE
 SYLVIA FINE
 BUD GAGNON
 HENRY HOWARD

WARWICK & LEGLER, INC.,
 EDWIN L. MORRIS
 NATE PERLSTEIN
 H. PAUL WARWICK
 HENRY LEGLER
 TEVIS HUHNS

ROUTINE

PAGE NO.

1-2	FIRST SPOTKAYE & WELLES	2:22
2	OPENINGJOY	2:22-2:50
3-7	SECOND SPOTKAYE & WELLES	2:50-6:17
7	"COME TO BABY DO"GIBBS	6:17-8:30
7-8	FIRST COMMERCIALJOY	8:30-9:59
9-16	THIRD SPOTKAYE, WELLES MCQUEEN	9:59-20:31
16	"MCNAMARA'S BAND".KAYE	17:50-18:45
17-20	FOURTH SPOT.KAYE, WELLES MCQUEEN	20:31-28:07
21	2nd Commercial CLOSING	WELLES & JOY	24:05-24:25
25	3rd Commercial & Closing	JOY	28:07-29:30

WARWICK & LEGLER, INC.

230 PARK AVENUE • NEW YORK 17

CBS

"THE DANNY KAYE SHOW"

SEC. REVISE

MARCH 1, 1946

FRIDAY

(ON DEAD AIR)

FAN: Hey you, Danny Kaye, just a minute, chum.

WELLES: Are you addressing me?

FAN: Yeh, Kaye, I -- oh, you're Orson Welles. I mistook you for Danny Kaye!

WELLES: How dare you!

FAN: Excuse me, Mr. Welles - I should have known -- I just saw your latest picture -- "Tomorrow's Forever."

WELLES: Thank you, but I'm on my way to appear on the Danny Kaye program.

FAN: Yeh ... you're gonna think "Tonight's Forever."

WELLES: Who are you?

FAN: I'm an average radio listener.

WELLES: Well! You look older than twelve. But tell me, my vox popoff, I haven't heard any of Mr. Kaye's programs this year. What does he do?

37-

WELLES: What happens in between?

FAN: Your **guess is as good as mine**. All I know is he has one joke ... "My sister married an irishman, Oh Really? No, O'Riley." You'll find out.

WELLES: Now just a minute my kilocycle killjoy, to my way of thinking, Mr. Kaye is a very fine artist.

FAN: To my way of thinking, your way of thinking is no way of thinking. But Welles, maybe you can teach him a thing or.

1:02

WELLES: Or two?

FAN: No, just one; we don't want a burden him.

WELLES: Well that's neither here nor. I'm here tonight because Mr. Kaye is leaving for Hollywood tomorrow, and I'm going to give him a few pointers about making the proper social contacts in Hollywood.

FAN: Oh how to make friends with influential people.

WELLES: Correct. Hollywood is a community of primary impressions where an individual is categorized by his initial impingement upon the consciousness of any social orbit....

FAN: Aw, you're just saying that ... But what does it mean?

WELLES: Who knows? But didn't I read it beautifully? Well excuse me now, Mr. Kaye's program is about to go on the air.

FAN: Oh yeh -- glad you reminded me -- I gotta run home and turn off my radio. So long chum,

QUINTET INTO PABST THEME

2:22
ANNCR: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, this is Dick Joy introducing the Danny Kaye show presented by Pabst Blue Ribbon with Butterfly McQueen, Dave Terry and his orchestra, her nibs Miss Georgia Gibbs, and our special guest tonight, Orson Welles. And here is the star of our show:

KAYE: SCAT SONG

ANNCR: DANNY KAYE!

(APPLAUSE)

2:50

WELLES: Just a minute, Danny, would you mind repeating what you just did?

KAYE: Oh hello, Orson.

(APPLAUSE)

KAYE: Well Orson, I'm certainly glad --

WELLES: Never mind that ... what was that you just did into the microphone?

KAYE: What. You mean my scat song?

WELLES: Scat song?

KAYE: Yes --- (DOES SCAT SONG) That's my signature.

WELLES: Well your handwriting is awful. Will you do that again?

But slowly this time.

KAYE: *Be very happy to*
(SPEAKS IT) Git gat gittle --

WELLES: I see. Go on.

KAYE: Giddle-di-ap, giddle-de-tommy...

WELLES: Is that so?

KAYE: Middle de biddle de roop --

WELLES: That sounds reasonable.

KAYE: Da-reep fa-sah.

WELLES: She did huh.

KAYE: Skeedle de woo-da.

WELLES: Oh, her husband And suddenly huh?

KAYE: Fiddle, de wada -- reep.

WELLES: I don't blame him.

KAYE: Of course not, Orson, what else could he do?

WELLES: How long were they married, Danny?

KAYE: They weren't married at all.

WELLES: They weren't! Oh then you're reading that wrong.
It should go like this: (DRAMATICALLY) Git gat
gittle giddle-de-ap, riddle-deTOMMY
riddle de biddle de reep ... da-reep fasan.
Skeedle de wadap? Skeedle de woo da! JOHN!
REEP! Now Danny, what else goes on here on this
merry half hour of fun, frolic and frivolity?

KAYE: Well, you know ^{Orson} the usual radio program.

WELLES: Oh that bad, huh.

KAYE: What do you mean ... bad -- we have music, songs,
jokes, and once we got a laugh.

WELLES: Your suspenders broke?

KAYE: Yes. No. We told a joke.

WELLES: Oh that's the joke I've been hearing about --
how does it go again?

KAYE: It's a very simple joke ... gets a big laugh.
Here, I'll do it with you. Orson, my sister
married an Irishman.

4:45

WELLES: Is that so?

KAYE: No, O'Riley.

WELLES: That's a joke?

KAYE: Well, something went wrong ...

WELLES: Danny, you're about to go to Hollywood. If you
tell that joke out there, you'll wind up no place.

KAYE: Oh really?

WELLES: No, oblivion.

KAYE: That's funny -- YOU get a laugh with it and I
can't.

5/14

WELLES: Danny, if you insist on telling that Oh-Riley joke, it should be presented in a super-colossal Hollywood production. It should be given the famous Orson Welles touch.

KAYE: The Orson Welles touch -- what is that?

WELLES: I'll show you. Now, who can we get to play the part of a girl?

KAYE: How about a girl?

WELLES: That's type casting ... but get her. Who is she?

KAYE: Her nibs, Miss Georgia Gibbs.

GEORGIA: Hello, Danny.

(APPLAUSE) *5:44*

KAYE: Hiya, Georgia. You're about to be honored with a role in a production directed with that famous Orson Welles touch. You know Orson, of course?

WELLES: How do you do, Miss Gibbs?

GEORGIA: Hello, Mr. Welles.

KAYE: Well, c'mon, Orson ... if you're gonna give my joke this Hollywood production, let's get going.

WELLES: Not so fast, Daniel. You don't attempt a stupendous undertaking such as this super-colossal, breath-taking spectacle without time, research, preparation. I'll need at least two minutes and 15 seconds.

KAYE: By an odd turn of fate, that's just the length of Georgia's number. Sing it, Miss Gibbs.

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA & GIBBS INTO "COME TO BABY DO"

(APPLAUSE)

WELLES: All right, everybody ... places, please!

JOY: Speaking of places, Mr. Welles, you'll find more places serving Pabst Blue Ribbon ...

WELLES: Just a moment! Danny, who is this undernourished over-anxious young man? Speak up.

JOY: Oh, but Mr. Welles you don't just speak up with a commercial ... you kinda sneak up on it.

WELLES: Sneak! What's the matter ... what are you selling?

JOY: Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer.

WELLES: Then come right out with it! Say it!

JOY: Okay ... PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER. There! I said it!

WELLES: Now ... don't you feel better, young man?

JOY;

Yes, I do, Mr. Welles ... but I'd feel much
better right now if I had a good thick hamburger
sandwich ... and a tall sparkling glass of Pabst
Blue Ribbon. There's a real production! Juicy
top round hamburger ... broiled to perfection ... with
a dash of catchup ... on a big toasted roll ... and
that Pabst Blue Ribbon. You see Pabst Blue Ribbon
just naturally adds to the good taste of any food.
For this truly great beer is full-flavor blended.
Yes, thirty three fine brews merge their individual
goodness to give you that top of the world taste of
blended splendid Pabst Blue Ribbon, But words fail
me...you tell 'em kids. 9/14/7

MUSIC:

QUINTET INTO THEME

9:59

WELLES: Well done, my boy. When you have a commercial, don't be coy about it. Now, Danny, let's go on with the production -- places, everybody! Fanfare, Mr. Terry.

MUSIC: SHORT FANFARE

WELLES: Orson Welles ^{10/10} presents "The Wife of O'Riley," adapted from the joke on the Danny Kaye program, based upon a joke used by Fred Allen, suggested by a joke on the Jimmy Durante show, from an original joke told on the Jack Carson broadcast, stolen from an old Buster Keaton movie.

18'30

BUTTERFLY: Hello Mr. Kaye.

KAYE: Well it's Butterfly McQueen -- come in, Miss McQueen.

WELLES: What are all these interruptions?

KAYE: Oh Orson, this is Butterfly McQueen, president of the Danny Kaye fan club.

WELLES: You're just in time, Miss McQueen; take your place --- YOU might as well as be in this production too.

BUTTERFLY: What's going on Mr. Kaye?

KAYE: Mr. Welles is going to stage a big Hollywood production here. You know who Mr. Welles is -- the young actor-writer-producer who set the American theater on fire. That's Orson.

BUTTERFLY: I thought that was ARSON.

KAYE: You've seen his pictures. He writes, directs, produces and stars himself in 'em.

BUTTERFLY: Oh that's nice -- then he can't ^{possibly} blame anybody but himself, can he?

WELLES: Oh no? How about the developing fluid? But we're wasting time -- on with the production.

KAYE: Oh yes -- you see Mr. Welles is preparing me for Hollywood -- I'm going out to California next week.

BUTTERFLY: Oh California's a wonderful place to live. Especially if you're an orange.

WELLES: You're so right Miss McQueen.

BUTTERFLY: But Mr. Kaye what'll happen to me if you go to Hollywood?

KAYE: Well I don't know -- would you like to come along and be my social secretary?

BUTTERFLY: What'll I have to do?

KAYE: Well the first thing every morning you run through my mail?

BUTTERFLY: Before I put on my shoes?

KAYE: After. How's your shorthand?

BUTTERFLY: Well I never measured 'em, but I think they're both the same --

KAYE: No, no, I mean how are you on dictation?

BUTTERFLY: I'm against it. We fought a war to get rid of --

WELLES: This routine is going to make the O'Riley joke seem like a classical gem. Now let's get on with our production. PLACES. STAND BY. MUSIC.

ORCHESTRA: INTRODUCTION 12:02

WELLES: The Columbia Sweatshop presents THE WIFE OF O'RILEY, or THE FROWNING IRISHMAN, written, produced and directed by Orson Welles, AND STARRING Danny Kaye in a very small part.

KAYE: I barely made it.

MUSIC: UP AGAIN AND FADES.

WELLES: MY NAME IS O'RILEY.

MUSIC: AGAIN AND FADES.

WELLES: TIMOTHY O'RILEY.

MUSIC: AGAIN AND FADES.

WELLES: TIMOTHY J. O'RILEY.

MUSIC: SHORT SWEEP

WELLES: My forefathers before me were named O'Riley.

VOICE: My name is O'Riley.

VOICE: My name is O'Riley.

VOICE: My name is O'Riley.

VOICE: MY NAME IS O'RILEY.

WELLES: For centuries the name O'Riley has been synonymous with the name O'Riley. For generations the O'Rileys have populated this little fishing town on the coast of Ireland, longitude six degrees west, latitude 55 degrees north, ceiling zero ... Life in our village was simple. Simple people, simple homes, simple food, simply awful... Simple people ---- simple people.

MUSIC: SOFT STRINGS UNDER DIALOGUE

MAN: I AM A SIMPLE FISHERMAN.

WOMAN: I AM A SIMPLE HOUSEWIFE.

BUTTERFLY: I AM SIMPLE.

MUSIC PUNCTUATES AND OUT

KAYE: (ANXIOUSLY) When do I come in?

WELLES: Yes, life flowed gently past us; life was good. Then one day....

ORCHESTRA: RUMBLE OF KETTLE DRUM.

WELLES: From far off England there came into our peaceful village, a strange mysterious couple. Our simple people were mystified.

MAN: I AM MYSTIFIED.

SECOND MAN: I AM MYSTIFIED.

BUTTERFLY: I AM MISS MCQUEEN.

KAYE: When do I come in?

WELLES: They were a handsome pair -- brother and sister.
One was a blond, exotic creature with hair of
gossimer gold.

KAYE: Gee, thanks, and my sister is cute too.

WELLES: Our simple, gentle people had never beheld such
delicate loveliness as that of Caroline Miller
... Caroline -- blessed name. She lived with her
brother in the thatch-covered cottage at the end
of the lane. They were seen but seldom by the
townfolk. One day in the market place I saw her
coming toward me. I lifted my hat: "Good morning,
Miss Miller. My name is O'Riley."

GEORGIA: "Oh really?"

MUSIC: HARP SWEEP

WELLES: She was gone. I hoped I might chance upon her
brother -- Joseph -- maybe through him I might
meet this wondrous vision of delight. Then one
day in the market place striding toward me came
Joseph. I lifted my hat: "Good morning, sir.
My name is O'Riley."

KAYE: Oh really?

MUSIC: HARP SWEEP

WELLES: He was gone.

KAYE: Fine part I got.

WELLES: Suddenly he turned and came back.

KAYE: Oh I'm back in again.

WELLES: He approached and spoke to me.

KAYE: What did you say your name is?

WELLES: O'Riley.

KAYE: Oh really? You're just the man I'm looking for. I want you to meet my sister. I'll arrange it. Goodbye.

MUSIC: HARP SWEEP.

WELLES: He was gone in a trice.

KAYE: Convertible trice.

WELLES: But days went by and neither Joseph nor Caroline Miller emerged from their thatch covered cottage. And the simple gentle people of our town wondered: Who are these two? What do they want? Why did they come here?

WOMAN: Who are these two?

SEC. WOMAN: What do they want?

THIRD WOMAN: Why did they come here?

WELLES: I just said that

WOMAN: Pardon me.

SEC. WOMAN: Pardon me.

THIRD WOMAN: Pardon me.

BUTTERFLY: Pardon me too.

WELLES: You didn't say anything.

BUTTERFLY: I know. I'm just polite.

WELLES: Meanwhile in the thatch covered cottage at the end of the lane Caroline Miller and her brother Joseph were seated at dinner. They were having words:

GEORGIA: Have some more alphabet soup, Joseph.

KAYE: No, and stop putting words in my mouth.

GEORGIA: Joseph must we go on like this forever? You've hardly spoken to me for days. Are you worried about the book you're writing?

KAYE: Of course my book. If it weren't for you I'd have finished writing it.

GEORGIA: Me? What have I done?

KAYE: It's what you haven't done. Why won't you marry this man O'Riley? He's the most successful fisherman in the village. Only this morning his boat came in loaded with mackerel, cod and smelt to high heaven ...

GEORGIA: But I don't love him, Joseph.

KAYE: Caroline Miller, do you realize what the men in the market place are saying? They're saying that a beautiful girl like you should have a husband.

GEORGIA: Oh Joseph they are not.

KAYE: I heard them this morning when you passed. They all said hubby, hubby, hubby ...

WELLES: Joseph was right. But not only the men were talking -- the women as well:

FIRST WOMAN: A pretty girl like that -- why doesn't she get married?

SEC. WOMAN: Yes, why doesn't she get married?

THIRD WOMAN: Yes, why doesn't she get married?

BUTTERFLY: Nobody worries about me getting married.

ORCHESTRA: HARP SWEEP

KAYE: Caroline -- please -- for my sake -- for the sake
of my book --- marry him -- just this once -- I
promise you the greatest wedding a girl ever had --

GEORGIA: Well, Joseph if it means so much to you, I will.

KAYE: You will? Good. I'll get MacNamara's band --

MUSIC: GOES INTO MACNAMARA'S BAND 17:47

KAYE: What a wedding there'll be -- what a time we'll have.

SINGS MACNAMARA'S BAND 17:50

OH HIS NAME IS MACNAMARA

HE'S THE LEADER OF THE BAND

ALTHOUGH THEY'RE FEW IN NUMBERS

THEY'RE THE FINEST IN THE LAND

OH! THE DRUMS GO BANG, AND THE CYMBALS CLANG

AND THE HORNS THEY BLAZE AWAY

MCCARTHY PUMPS THE OLD BAZOON WHILE I THE PIPES DO PLAY

AND, HENNESSEY TENNESSEE TOOTLES THE FLUTE

AND THE MUSIC IS SOMETHIN' GRAND

A CREDIT TO OLD IRELAND IS MACNAMARA'S BAND

FOR THERE'S BRANIGAN FLANAGAN HARRIGAN HANIGAN

SHAUGHNESSY AND O'TCOLE

MCAFFERTY RAFFERTY DAHRETY FLAHEITY SLATTERY AND O'DOUL

O'BRADY O'BRIEN O'RILEY O'RYAN MALONEY MAHONEY MCCANN

O'DONNELL O'CONNELL O'FARRELL, O'CARROL AND SHAMMUS

ETC. ETC. ETC. JR.

IN MCNAMARA'S BAND.

(APPLAUSE)

18:45

VOICES: Congratulations -- what a beautiful bride -- they're married. What a wonderful couple -- GENERAL AD LIB FADES OUT.

WELLES: My name is O'Riley.

GEORGIA: My name is Mrs. O'Riley.

BUTTERFLY: My name is still Miss McQueen.

KAYE: Now I can finish my book at last. Let me see -- My sister married an Irishman. Oh really? No, O'Riley. Signed Joe Miller.

MUSIC: UP FOR FINISH 20:40

(APPLAUSE)

WELLES: There you are Danny -- there's your joke with a Hollywood production. 20:43

KAYE: Well OK Orson, but turn about's fair play. You once did a drama called Julius Caesar.

WELLES: I did. I did yes.

KAYE: Well I'd like to show you how I'd produce it.

WELLES: YOU:

KAYE: Well you made a production out of my joke ---

WELLES: So now you wanta make a joke out of my production!

KAYE: I'm going to give it a Hollywood musical production.

MY NAME IS JULIUS CAESAR. *but call me Julius*

WELLES: Copy cat. That's not the way Julius Caesar opens.

KAYE: How does it begin.

KAYE: ~~Now I'll show you how "Julius Caesar" might
possibly be done by Manic Depressive Pictures ...
A spectacle musical comedy. But you'll have to
refresh my memory about the plot Orson having
recently done it at the Mercury Theatre.~~

WELLES: The action of "Julius Caesar" opens on a street in
Rome where a group of citizens and tradespeople who
have gathered to welcome Caesar are talking

KAYE: Stop right there. In the opening of a musical
picture nobody talks everybody sings.

WELLES: What do they sing?

KAYE: Anything as long as it's an opening chorus.
We'll make one up right here. A little opening
fanfare if you please:

KAYE & WELLES: *20/17*
WHEN IT'S CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME IN ORANGE NEW JERSEY
IT'S MIDDLE OF SUMMER IN ROME
SO WE SAY
WHO, WHO, WHO, WHO, WHO, WHO, HOORAY FOR
JULIUS CAESAR
WHO, WHO, WHO, WHO, WHO, WHO, WHO

KAYE: Who?

WELLES: Who ... why none other than the noblest Roman of
them all ... Julius Cae

KAYE: Do you mean that master tradesman, President of the
Ice Cream Manufacturers Guild

WELLES: No ... no ... that's Julius Freezer ...

KAYE: Is it then that master needle worker and head tailor...

WELLES: No ... no ... that's Julius Scissor

KAYE: Well, then

KAYE: HERE COMES CAESAR AGAIN ...

CHORUS: Screams ... Aaaaaaah Julie!

WELLES: At this point in the original, Caesar enters in a chariot drawn by four white horses.

KAYE: Definitely a part for a great Western star ... Real man of the people ... that's for you, Orson ... You make your entrance dragging your saddle behind you and you sing

WELLES: I'M A ~~SIMPLE~~ COWBOY FROM THE APPIAN PRAIRIE

KAYE: E PLURIBUS UNUM

WELLES: AN OLD ROMAN IN THE GLOAMIN YOU SEE

KAYE: E PLURIBUS UNUM

WELLES: I NEVER WANNA FOOL-YEZ
I DON'T EVER WANNA RULE YEZ
SO WHENEVER YOU WANT TO TALK TO ME

KAYE: E PLURIBUS UNUM

WELLES: STEP RIGHT UP ... SHAKE MAH HAND ... CALL ME JULIUS

WELLES &
KAYE: YIPPIE-I-A
YIPPIE-I-O
YIPPIE-I-E

WELLES, KAYE & CHORUS: E PLURIBUS UNUM
(APPLAUSE)

22:24

WELLES:

Soon after his entrance Caesar betrays his anxiety
by saying to Marc Antony

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek headed men and such as sleep o' nights
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look

KAYE:

What a part for Sinatra ...

IF YOU DON'T SEE ME EACH DAY YOU'RE LUCKY
LIFE WITHOUT ME CAN BE SO DUCKY

ONLY KARLOFF COULD TAKE THE PLACE

OF CASSIUS WITH THE HUNGRY FACE.

What was he so worried about Orson?

Didn't he have a friend in the whole play?

23:11

WELLES: Yes. There was Marc Antony, Caesar's close friend
and confidant with whom he discussed all his problems.

KAYE: What did you say his name was?

WELLES: Marc Antony.

KAYE: Antony, huh? I got it ... scene opens, Caesar knocks
on the door ...

WELLES: Come in.

KAYE: Is this the house of Marc Antony?

WELLES: Yes.

KAYE: Well, Mr. Antony, I have a problem
WELL CASSIUS KNOWS WHAT CASH IS
HE SAID CROESUS TRIED TO FLEECE US
SO TITINUS WENT TO CINNA'S HOUSE
AND CINNA WENT TO PIECES
NOW PORTIA'S VERY CAUTIOUS
SHE SAID CAESAR TRIED TO SQUEEZE 'ER
SO TRICANDEL TOOK HIS SANDAL
AND HIT CAESAR IN THE BEEZER
SO WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS THIS
IF SHOESUS THE SHOEMAKER WON'T GIVE HIS AWL
AND TRICANDEL HAS NO ONE TO COBBLE'IM
WELL SHOULD SHOESUS REFUSE DOES THE MAN GET NO SHOES?
MR. ANTONY WHAT IS MY PROBBLE-EM?

WELLES: No names.

KAYE: No probble-em.

JOY: But Mr. Antony, I've got a problem

WELLES: Who is yon varlet?

JOY: It is I, Dick Joyous and I've got to get a commercial
in here.

24/05

WELLES: That's quite a problem.

JOY: No it isn't for no matter where you gous there is
no finer beerus than Pabtus Blue Ribbonus

MUSIC: QUINTET

33 fine brewes blended into one great beerus

33 fine brewes blended into one great beerus

KAYE: Then what happens? 24/23

WELLES: Then comes the famous scene in the Roman Senate

KAYE: A scene in the Senate? How will we do it Orson?

WELLES: Leave it to me. Scene opens, lights, action,
crowd noises, rap of gavel. May ah have the
floor?

KAYE: The chair recognizes the Senator from the South
of Rome, Phileas Buster.

WELLES: Friends, Romans, and fellow Senators, lend me
your ears. I won't need them very long four
or five weeks just 'til I finish this
filibuster. Do you know the man who says "Call
me Julius." His name is not Julius Caesar. It
happens to be Flavius Ecce Plinys Caesar ... and,
fella Romans, Ah come not to praise Flavius Ecce
Plinys Caesar, but to bury this F.E.P. Caesar
(Shouts, jeers, and cheers).

WELLES: And so ah say to you, as long as Caesar remains in power, there will be price ceilings on slaves, papyrus, even the very toga we wear. That's a cloak, son.

WELLES: There's only one thing wrong with this picture, Danny, among other things. If you don't actually have Caesar killed in the Senate, you will lose the most famous line in the play.

KAYE: And what is that?

WELLES: When the hapless Caesar is foully stabbed, he turns his reproachful eye on his faithless friend Brutus and says et tu Brutus.

KAYE: That's the most famous line?

WELLES: Uh huh

KAYE: Well, then, it's got to be the top song in the picture. As this is a comedy, it's got to be sung by the comedy team.

Welles: Kaye
~~KAYE:~~

~~KAYE:~~

~~WELLES:~~

BOTH: WE'RE ON THE RADIO

WELLES: I'M CASSIUS

KAYE: I'M BRUTUS

BOTH: HELLO HELLO HELLO

WELLES: I DINED AT CATO'S BUSY BEE

KAYE: YOU KNOW HOW BAD THE FOOD IS

WELLES: I'LL NEVER GO BACK THERE AGAIN

KAYE: I KNOW ... I ET, TOO, BRUTUS.

KAYE: Wait a minute, Orson. Do you realize we have just spent three million dollars on a picture with no love interest. Didn't Caesar have a girl?

WELLES: He had a wife who figured very largely in the play, Calpurnia.

KAYE: Calpurnia! That's a great finish. I see it now ... after leaving the Senate Caesar travels down the dusty road dragging his horse behind him, opens the ranch gate, sees Calpurnia and sings:
CALIPURNIA HERE I COME
RIGHT BACK WHERE I STARTED FROM

CHORUS: IF THAT IS WHERE WE STARTED
WHERE THE CURTAINS REALLY PARTED
THEN MY FRIEND
THIS IS THE END

KAYE: THIS IS THE ONLY PICTURE THAT ENDS IN THE MIDDLE
FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PEOPLE WHO CAME ^{IN} IN THE MIDDLE

ALL: THIS IS THE END!

27:28
27:32

KAYE: Well Orson, thanks for being here tonight and for all the advice about Hollywood.

WELLES: Think nothing of it, Danny. Good luck on your trip -- and, oh say, by the way, Danny, how about my renting your apartment here in New York while you're gone?

KAYE: Renting it? It's ten rooms -- a beautiful apartment. How much rent will you pay?

WELLES: I'll give you the ceiling price, no more.

KAYE: Oh really?

WELLES: No, O.P.A.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: UP FOR FINISH

ANNCR: Again the makers of Pabst Blue Ribbon wish to remind you that no matter how severe may be the government restrictions on grain ... however much Pabst must curtail its output to protect quality -- every bottle of Pabst Blue Ribbon you buy will continue to live up to its name. There will be no cutting corners ... no lowering of standards of flavor and goodness -- no compromise with quality. The Danny Kaye Show will come to you a half hour earlier beginning next Friday. Our guest will be Peter Lorre. This program was brought to you by the Pabst Brewing Company of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Remember .. the war is not over for the American Red Cross. Our boys in foreign theatres ... our hospitalized fighting men and veterans still need the aid which your contribution to the 1946 drive will help the Red Cross to deliver. So give ... from the heart. This is CBS - the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

27:55

28:07

29:05

her nibs Miss Georgia Gills